

## Kisses.

[By ROSE HARTWICK THORPE, author of "Curfew Shall Not Ring To-night,"]  
Little child, when twilight shadows  
Close the western gates of gold,  
Then those loving arms of mother's  
Tenderly about thee fold.  
Over lip, and cheek, and forehead,  
Like a shower caresses fall;  
For a mother's kiss at twilight  
Is the sweetest kiss of all.  
  
Pretty maiden at the gateway,  
Shy, sweet face and downcast eyes,  
Two white, trembling hands imprisoned,  
How the golden moment flies!  
Lips that softly kiss thy forehead  
All the rosy blushes call;  
For a lover's kiss at twilight  
Is the fondest kiss of all.  
  
Happy wife, thy noble husband,  
More than half a lover yet—  
For those sunny hours of wooing  
Are too sweet to soon forget—  
On thy smiling lips uplaid,  
Full of love, his kisses fall;  
For a husband's kiss at parting  
Is the dearest kiss of all.  
  
Weary mother, little children  
With their dimpled hands so fair,  
Passing over cheek and forehead,  
Soothe away all pain and care.  
Lead your doubting heart to Heaven,  
Where no dreary shadows fall,  
For the kiss of stainless childhood  
Is the purest kiss of all.

—Detroit Free Press.

## Symbols.

Just a slender shaft and a touch of blue  
Is all that I have from my window's view;  
Nothing but that, yet so much to me  
Who never can more of the great world see;  
Over the roofs of the houses high  
Is the point of a spire, a patch of sky.  
  
There is human living and loving sweet  
In these houses standing across the street;  
Quick steps and glad voices blithely go  
In their various ways on the walk below;  
Yet here, where crippled, alone I lie,  
I can see but the spire and patch of sky.  
  
I try not to let my soul complain  
That the old life can not be mine again;  
I know that in love has the dear Lord sent  
The loneliness, weakness and banishment;  
Yet at times the heart will rebel and cry  
For more than the spire and patch of sky.  
  
But a type of the freedom, joy and peace  
Prepared for the spirit when life shall cease  
Is that gleam of blue over the houses tall,  
A sign of the Heaven that waits for all;  
And none can so grateful be as I  
For the pointing spire and patch of sky.  
—Caroline B. Le Rose, in the Christian Union.

## GOURLAY BROTHERS.

In a quiet street off one of the quiet squares there is a tall, gloomy house, with narrow, dusty windows, and a massive double door, that still bears a brass plate with the words "Gourlay Brothers" engraved thereon.

The lower part of the house was used as an office, but the blinds were rarely drawn up, the door seldom swung back to the energetic push of customers, the long passage echoed no hurried footsteps, and Eli Haggart, the clerk, was, to all appearance, the idlest man in London, till one came to know his masters.

The Gourlay Brothers were never any busier than their faithful old servant—never hurried, flurried or worried; never late and never early. Ever morning at 10 o'clock they entered their office together, read their letters, glanced at the paper, left instructions for possible callers, and then went to the city. They always took the same route; at 11 they might be seen passing along on the sunny side of Cannon street; at 1:30 they entered the same restaurant, and sat at the same table for luncheon. Wet or dry, shade or shine, summer or winter, every working day for thirty years, they had gone through the same routine, always excepting the month of September, when they took their annual holiday.

They were elderly men—John tall, thin, melancholy looking, with light gray eyes; scanty gray hair and whiskers, and a general expression of drabness pervading his whole face and faultlessly neat attire. Roger was shorter, rounder, more cheerful and generally warmer in color. His pervading hue was brown, keen reddish eyes that must have been merry once, crisp auburn hair that time had not yet quite transmuted to silver, a clean-shaven ruddy face, and brown hands full of dints and dimples. John was the elder; still he looked up to Roger with grave respect, consulted him on every subject, and never, even in or out of business, took any step without his advice and approval. And Roger was no less deferential; without any profession of affection or display of feeling the Gourlay brothers dwelt together in closest friendship and love; their life was a long harmony, and during all the years of their partnership, no shadow had fallen between them, and their public life was as harmonious as their private intercourse. In business they were successful, every speculation they made prospered, every thing they touched turned to gold; and as their whole lives were spent in getting, not spending, they were believed, and with reason, to be immensely wealthy. "Cold, hard, stern, enterprising," men called them; with an acuteness of vision and a steadiness of purpose only to be acquired by long and close application to business. Reserved in manner, simple in their tastes,

economical in their habits, the Gourlay Brothers were the last men in the world to be suspected of sentiment, their lives the least likely to contain even the germs of a romance. And yet they had not been always mere business machines; the sole aim and end of their existence had not always been money. In early years they had brighter dreams, nobler ambitions.

At school John had distinguished himself, and his brief university career gave promise of a brilliant future. Roger had been a bright, ardent boy, with a taste for music that was almost a passion, and talent little short of genius. With his deep earnestness, intense steadiness of purpose, and clear, vigorous intellect, John could scarcely have failed to make a distinguished lawyer. Roger was a born artist, with a restless, lofty ambition. Life seemed very bright for the brothers; there was nothing to prevent and every thing to assist each in following his inclination. But in the very dawn of their career their father died, and they were suddenly reduced to actual poverty. Nothing remained from the wreck of a magnificent fortune, but the bitter experience that always accompanies such reverses. Fine friends failed them, flatterers looked coldly on their distress, those who had most freely partaken of their lavish hospitality passed by on the other side. Not a friend remained in their adversity but one, and she had indeed the will but not the power to help them. The boys left the college and turned their thoughts to business. It was hopeless to attempt to follow up their professions with an invalid mother and idolized only sister depending on them for support. John secured a situation as clerk in a city warehouse. Roger accepted a desk in the office of Bernard Russell, an old friend of his father's. They moved to cheap lodgings, and for several years plodded on wearily, one only gleam of sunshine in their altered home being the occasional visits of Alice Russell to their sister. Maude Gourlay and Alice had been school-fellows and friends; they usually spent their vacations together, and Alice felt the misfortune that had fallen on the family as if it had overtaken her own. But she could do nothing except pay them flying visits, send trifling gifts of fruit and flowers, and write pretty, sympathizing notes to Maude.

A few years of poverty and hardship told on Mrs. Gourlay's always feeble frame; still for her daughter's sake she clung to life with a strange tenacity; but when Maude's lover, who had gone to Australia to make his fortune, returned not wealthy, but sufficiently so to claim his bride in her altered circumstances, Mrs. Gourlay seemed to have no other object to live for. Maude's marriage was hastened, and the very day after the ceremony the poor, weary, broken-hearted mother died. George Leslie took his wife back with him to Sidney, and John and Roger Gourlay were literally alone in the world.

As if in bitter mockery of their loss and loneliness, immediately after their mother's death the brothers inherited a small fortune. But it was too late for John to go back to his studies, too late for Roger to return to his piano. They had fallen into the groove of business, and John at least was seized with a feverish eagerness to turn his small fortune into a large one and become wealthy. So they went into business as Gourlay Brothers, with the firm resolution of retrieving the position their father had lost, and a very few years saw them established in Whittier Street and fairly on the high road to fortune. Then one quiet summer evening, as they sat over their dessert, John opened his heart to his brother and told him of his hopes, dreams and ambitions for the future.

"You will be surprised, and I trust, pleased to hear, Roger, that I love Alice Russell," he said, laying his hand on his brother's arm; "I can hardly remember the time when she was not dearer to me than all the world beside. The bitterest part of our misfortune to me was that it separated me from her; the only thing that has sustained me through our long struggle was the hope of some day winning her; nothing else can ever compensate me for the ruin of all my hopes and glorious ambitions. I once dreamed of being famous, Roger; for her sake I put that behind me, and have grubbed for gold like a miser. We, Gourlay Brothers, are on the high road to fortune; I may aspire to the hand of Alice now!"

"Surely, John," and the younger brother's voice was husky and his hand shook as he took up his glass, "I drink to your success."

"Thanks, brother. I should have told you all this before—I should have confided in you; but I feared troubling you on my account. You would have seen a thousand shadows across my path—you would have been more unhappy than I was myself. And now I want you to promise that it shall make

no difference between us. We shall be Gourlay Brothers still."

Roger stroked his hand across the table, and John grasped it heartily.

"Gourlay Brothers to the end of the chapter, old fellow, and may you be as happy as you deserve. God bless you, John."

John's face became a shade or two paler with emotion, and he walked up and down the room a few times; then he stood behind his brother's chair.

"Roger, you will think me very weak, very nervous, but I dare not speak to Alice myself. I could not endure a refusal from her. I have never even given her the most distant hint of my feelings. I have not the slightest reason to suppose that she regards me as other than a mere acquaintance, at most as Maude's brother. Roger, we have always been friends as well as brothers—stand by me in this; you are less shy and more accustomed to women; see Alice for me, ask her to be my wife."

"John, you're mad! You do not mean it!"

"I do, it is my only chance. Plead for my happiness, brother, as I would plead for yours. I am a man of few words, but I feel deeply. A refusal from her lips would kill me; I could hear it from you."

"As you will, John; I'll do my best," and Roger leaned his head on his hand and shadowed his face from the light, "I'll call on Alice to-morrow."

The next day was the longest of John Gourlay's life—a bright, warm, happy day, that made people even in the city look glad and cheerful. He was about his business as usual, ate his luncheon and walked home leisurely. Roger was standing at the window watching for him, and he kept his back to him when he entered the room.

"Well," John said gently; "well, Roger, have you seen her?"

"Yes, I've seen her; " and Roger faced round suddenly. "John, old fellow, its no use."

"Brother! " and he lifted his hand as if to ward off a blow.

"It's no use," Roger went on in a hard voice. "She does not love you; she loves some one else. Be a man, John, and bear it, for there's no hope."

One low, stifled groan, and then John Gourlay wrung his brother's hand and walked steadily out of the room. What he suffered in the hours that followed no one ever knew, and when he appeared at the dinner table he was calm and self-possessed, but something had either come into his face or gone out of it that altered him. But of the two Roger looked the most unhappy. The blow had really fallen most heavily on him.

"Jack, old fellow, we're Gourlay Brothers now to the end of the chapter," he said, huskily. "I know you'll never marry, and neither will I," and somehow John felt that Roger meant what he said.

Twenty-five years passed by, a quarter of a century of changes and chances and still the Gourlay Brothers held the even tenor of their way. They were rich beyond their wishes or desires, and not altogether unhappy in their solitary friendship. Alice Russell seemed to have drifted completely out of their lives; her name was never mentioned, and whether she was married or dead they did not know.

One morning about the middle of September they were walking along the King's road at Brighton, whether they had gone for their annual holiday. Roger entered a shop to purchase something, and John stood outside looking dreamily at the passers-by. Suddenly he advanced a step as a lady in an invalid chair was wheeled by. Chancing to look up, she met his glance with a smile of recognition. "Mr. Gourlay, it surely is, it must be you. I am so glad to see you!"

"And I to meet you," John said, with a courteous bow. "I have not the pleasure of knowing—"

"My name—I am Alice Russell still," she said frankly. At that moment Roger appeared. For an instant the blood forsook his ruddy face, while a hot crimson flush rose to Alice's pale cheek as she tried to stammer out some words of greeting. Roger was no less confused, and the expression of both faces was a revelation to John Gourlay. He felt as if the world had suddenly drifted away from him and he was left solitary in some unknown infinite space. But there was nothing of that in his voice as he asked Alice for her address and permission to call upon her in the afternoon. Then taking his brother by the arm he led him away, and they continued their walk without exchanging a single word about the strange encounter.

In the afternoon John called at Miss Russell's hotel, and in a few moments he found himself seated beside her in a pleasant sitting room overlooking the sea.

"Alice," he said, plunging into the subject at once, "do you remember a conversation you had with my brother a long time ago?"

"Yes, I remember, Mr. Gourlay," she replied sadly.

"He made a request for me then which it was not in your power to grant; I am come to make a similar one for him now. Roger loves you, Alice. He has loved you all these long, weary years, though you will, at least, believe I did not know it then."

"Poor Roger!" Alice said, softly.

"You care about him! You will make him happy even at this late hour? Tell me, Alice, that you love my brother!"

"Yes, Mr. Gourlay, I do. Why should I deny it! I have loved him all ways, though I did not know that he cared about me, and if the little life that is left me can make him happier, I will devote it to him gladly, proudly—poor Roger! You see I am too old for pretenses, Mr. Gourlay, and I fear I am dying; therefore, I tell you all."

"Dying, Alice? No, no! you will live many years yet, I hope, to make my dear brother happy—brave, loyal, great-hearted Roger. Let me send him to you now, and Alice, for my old and long affection's sake, make him happy. He deserves it, and that is the only way I can ever help to repay the devotion of his life."

"I love him," Alice replied, simply, "I can not do any more."

In their lodgings John Gourlay found his brother pacing restlessly up and down.

"Roger, I've found out your secret and hers," he said, laying both his hands on his shoulders; "loyal, faithful friend, go to her; she loves you, she is waiting for you."

"Poor Alice! how she must have suffered!"

"How we all have suffered! But it's nearly over now, Roger—the grief, pain, regret. It's all clear and bright. Roger, dear friend, can you forgive me?"

"Forgive you, John? Say rather can you forgive me?"

"True to the last," John murmured, as he wrung his brother's hand. "Now, Roger, go to her; she is waiting for you. She loves you—loves you, Roger. Good-bye, and may you both be happy."

Late that evening when Roger Gourlay returned home full of deep, quiet gladness, he found his brother in an easy-chair near the window, apparently asleep. The full moon shone down on his pale face, and showed a smile on his lips; his hands were clasped on an open book that rested his knee. The attitude was life-like, but at the very first glance Roger felt that his brother was dead. The doctor said that he had died of disease of the heart. Perhaps he was right. More people die of that malady than the world knows of.—English Magazine.

## A Test of Indian Courage.

An Indian inter-tribal fair was held, not long ago, in the Indian Territory in order to show some of the results of civilizing the savages. A number of tribes attended and displayed articles of home manufacture, such as needlework, embroidery, lacework and blankets. Many of the Indians had their photographs taken, and showed a childish delight in looking at their faces. Others, however, could not be persuaded to go near the camera. Yellow Bear, of the Arapahos, was the first to pass through the ordeal of a sitting. He suffered himself to be properly seated, and the camera to be brought to bear upon him; but when the prepared plate was placed in the box, and the cloth lifted, he leaped to his feet with a bound, and attempted to leave the tent. All attempts to reason with him failed. At last a photograph of a Cheyenne, taken some years ago, was shown to him. He looked at it a moment, then went quietly back to his chair, and sat there like a statue while his negative was taken. He explained that no Cheyenne warrior was a greater brave than he. The gigantic Osages, on the other hand, would not approach the tent. They said the camera robs them of their good spirits. The Kickapoos gave the same reason, and the photographer was peremptorily ordered out of their country on that account. The Indian is a profound believer in the power of spirits for good or evil, and takes care never to offend them.—Virginia (New) Enterprise.

THE Duchess of Northumberland visited the village schools at Albury Park, the Duke's seat, in Surrey, the other day, and presented to each of the female scholars, numbering some two hundred, a scarlet cloak. The children, as they go to and fro to school, look now like a regiment of little Red Riding-hoods.

Mrs. BETTY TAYLOR and Mrs. KNOX Wood, daughter and granddaughter of President Taylor, have applied to Congress for relief.

## Newly-Married Couples.

It is the happiest and most virtuous state of society in which the husband and wife set out together, make their property together, and, with perfect sympathy of soul, graduate all their expenses, plans, calculations and desires with reference to their present means and to their future and common interest.

Nothing delights man more than to enter the neat little tenement of the young people who within perhaps two or three years, without any resources but their own knowledge of industry, have joined heart and hand, and engage to share together the responsibilities, duties, interests, trials and pleasures of life. The industrious wife is cheerfully employing her hands in domestic duties, putting her house in order or mending her husband's clothes, or preparing the dinner, while perhaps the little darling sits prattling on the floor or lies sleeping in the cradle, and every thing seems preparing to welcome the happiest of husbands and the best of fathers when he shall come home from his toil to enjoy the sweets of his little paradise.

This is the true domestic pleasure. Health, contentment, love, abundance and bright prospects are all here. But it has become a prevalent sentiment that a man must acquire his fortune before he marries; that the wife must have no sympathy nor share with him in the pursuit of it—in which most of the pleasure truly consists—and the young married people must set out with as large and expensive an establishment as is becoming those who have been wedded for twenty years. This is very unhappy; it fills the community with bachelors, who are waiting to make their fortunes, endangering virtue, promoting vice; it destroys the true economy and design of the domestic institution, and it promotes inefficiency among females, who are expecting to be taken up by fortune and passively sustained without any care or concern on their part, and thus many a wife becomes, as a gentleman once remarked, not a "helpmate," but a "helpeeat."—Golden Age.

## A Few Mysteries Unveiled.

She was to meet her adored one on the nine o'clock Oakland boat, and it wanted fifteen minutes of the hour. Her hand was on the door to go out when it struck her that she had forgotten to line her left eyebrow. Rushing to the glass to rectify this, she discovered a small red spot, commemorative of a departed red pimple. A dab of lily-white settled that defect, and she was about to make a fresh start when a backward glance assured her that her new hat was not as becoming as it should be. So she stopped just long enough to give it a punch over one ear and a "hyke" in the back. Then her "Recamier locks" wanted a little arranging, and an inch of blonde must be pinned across her nose. Then she parted her lips to see if her filled teeth showed very plainly, and that started a most seductive dimple in one cheek which suggested a scrap of black court-plaster on its very verge to call attention to its dangers, like a sign-board on a thinly frozen pond. Then she tipped the glass and stuck in the curling-tongs to hold it and walked across the room with her head over her shoulder to get a back view, gave her drapery a twitch here and a pat there, tried to see how long a step she could take without bursting her tapes, gave herself a little shake like a sparrow after a shower, changed her four-button gloves for six, sprinkled Lubin's latest on her handkerchief, stamped her little French heels once or twice to settle herself, and seizing her parasol in the most approved style to show the lace to advantage, started for the ferry, where a smiling official, either in a fit of admiration or sarcasm, offered his glass with which to watch the fast receding boat, already half across the bay.—San Francisco News-Letter.

NATHAN CROWLEY, age 12 years, and Henry Gorman, age 15 years, started for Leadville the other day from their homes in New York. Crowley is the son of a policeman, and, anticipating danger on the journey, prudently armed himself with his father's revolver, leaving in its place a note to the effect that he would soon return a rich man, when he would more than make up for the little indiscretion. Three other lads of the same ages, who were to join the expedition, gave up just before the start. The two adventurers, whose capital amounted to one dollar, reached Jersey City, just across the river, and were there overtaken and led back ingloriously.

GREAT BRITAIN and Germany have concluded a convention whereby the war-vessels of the two countries will co-operate for the suppression of the slave trade.